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# **A BOOK OF COMPARATIVE POETRY**

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# A Book of Comparative Prose

BEING TYPICAL PROSE ESSAYS ARRANGED FOR  
COMPARATIVE STUDY, WITH NOTES AND EXERCISES

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# A BOOK OF COMPARATIVE POETRY

BEING TYPICAL POEMS ARRANGED  
FOR COMPARATIVE STUDY, WITH  
NOTES AND EXERCISES

BY

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## PREFACE

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My main object in this book, as in the companion volume of *Comparative Prose*, has been to provide literary material in the study of which the comparative method may be conveniently and systematically applied. While this method is one of the most valuable and effective instruments that can be used in the study of literature, it may be fairly maintained that hitherto it has not received in the teaching of English literature the amount of attention that its importance merits—its use has been for the most part merely occasional and incidental. One reason for this may be that no book definitely and specially adapted for a more systematic application of the method has been available: in the following pages I have attempted to supply this want.

The book contains five groups of poems, and the poems comprised within each group deal in common with a kindred subject. Thus the principle of correlation underlies the arrangement of the subject-matter; and it may be added that this principle, which, when not strained unnaturally, may be made so fertile a source of interest in all teaching, is necessarily involved in any systematic application of the comparative method. The pupil's interest in his reading will be increased if he is made to discover and study the general resemblances and differences in the theme and standpoint, and the

particular similarities or dissimilarities in the ideas, of the poems that compose each section.

The grouping of the poems is intended to assist the teacher also in applying the comparative method to the study of style. If we compare two poems, or two stanzas, which resemble one another in theme but differ in style and spirit, the very similarity of the theme acts as a foil to set off the differences of treatment. I believe that the value of the comparative method, considered as an instrument in the teaching of this aspect of literature, is unique: I know of no other method which can be used so effectively in class-work for conveying to pupils a sense of literary style and atmosphere. The kind of teaching which the comparative method here involves is in harmony with a sound educational principle; it presupposes of necessity the reference to particular and concrete examples of literary art, and cannot be carried on by the mere formulation of empty generalizations and abstract judgments.

At the end of each section will be found some notes and exercises which suggest points of similarity and difference in the various poems. The notes are meant to be merely suggestive, and to assist the pupil in the working out of the exercises. The comparative method, when rightly used, is essentially a heuristic method; the directions of its application may be indicated, but the detailed application should be made by the pupil himself. A plan which may be usefully adopted, when a written comparison of two poems is required, is to make the pupil set down the various points of similarity and difference side by side, in two parallel columns: I have

added as an Appendix the working out of a model exercise of this kind.

Throughout the editorial matter I have kept prominently in view the circumstance that the special object of the book is to facilitate the use of the comparative method. But of course each of the poems may also be studied separately, in and for itself. In a recently published volume<sup>1</sup> I have described in detail some practical methods which may be applied in the study both of individual poems and of such groups of poems as are contained in these pages.

W. MACPHERSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Principles and Method in the Study of English Literature*. Cambridge: at the University Press: 1908. Cap. V, "The Study of Lyric Poetry".



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## I. BATTLE POEMS

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.  
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.





## (1) THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

1388

It fell about the Lammas-tide,  
When muirmen win their hay,  
That the doughty Earl of Douglas rade  
Into England to drive a prey.

He has chosen the Lindsays light, 5  
With them the Gordons gay;  
But the Jardines would not with him ride,  
And they rue it to this day.

And he has harried the dales o' Tyne,  
And half o' Bambroughshire; 10  
And the Otter-dale he burnt it hail,  
And set it a' on fire.

And he march'd up to New Castel,  
And rade it round about:  
"O wha is the lord o' this castel, 15  
Or wha is the ladie o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,  
And O, but he spak hie:  
"It's I am the lord o' this castel,  
My wife is the lady gay." 20

“If thou art the lord o’ this castel,  
Sae weel it pleases me;  
For ere I cross the Border fells,  
The tane o’ us shall dee.”

He took a long spear in his hand, 25  
Shod with the metal free;  
And forth to meet the Douglas there,  
He rade richt furiously.

But O how pale his ladie look’d  
Frae aff the castel wa’, 30  
When down before the Scottish speir  
She saw proud Percy fa’!

“Had we twa been upon the green,  
And never an eye to see,  
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell, 35  
But your sword shall gae wi’ me.

“But gae up to the Otterburn,  
And bid there dayis three;  
And gin I come nor ere they end,  
A fause knight ca’ ye me! 40

“The Otterburn is a bonnie burn,  
’Tis pleasant there to be;  
But there is nought at Otterburn  
To feed my men and me.

“The deer runs wild on hill and dale, 45  
The birds fly wild frae tree to tree;

But there is neither bread nor kail  
To fend my men and me.

“Yet I will stay at Otterburn,  
Where you shall welcome be; 50  
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,  
A fause lord I’ll ca’ thee.”

“Thither will I come,” proud Percy said,  
“By the micht of our Ladye!”  
“There will I bide thee,” said the Douglas, 55  
“My troth I plight to thee!”

They lichted high on Otterburn,  
Upon the bent sae broun,  
They lichted high on Otterburn,  
And threw their pallions down. 60

And he that had a bonnie boy,  
Sent out his horse to grass;  
And he that had not a bonnie boy,  
His ain servant he was.

Then up and spake a little boy 65  
Was near of Douglas’ kin:  
“Methinks I see the English host  
Come branking us upon!”

“Nine war gangs beiring braid and wide,  
Seven banners beiring hie; 70  
It wad do any living gude  
To see their colours flee!”

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye leear loud,  
Sae loud I hear ye lee;  
For Percy had not men yestreen  
To dight my men and me. 75

"But if this be true, my little boy,  
That thou tell'st unto me,  
The brawest bour in Otterburn  
Shall be thy morning fee. 80

"But if it be false, my little boy,  
And a lee thou tell'st to me,  
On the highest tree in Otterburn  
Sune hangit shalt thou be.

"But I hae dream'd a drearie dream, 85  
Ayont the Isle of Skye;  
I saw a deid man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his gude braid sword,  
And to the field he ran; 90  
But he forgot the helmet strong  
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy with the Douglas met,  
I wat he was fu' fain;  
They swakkit swords till sair they swat, 95  
And the bluid ran doun like rain.

But Percy wi' his gude braid sword,  
That could so sharply wound,

Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
That he fell to the ground. 100

And then he call'd his little foot-page,  
And said, "Run speedilie,  
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew gude," the Douglas said, 105  
"What recks the death o' ane?  
Last night I dream'd a drearie dream,  
And I ken the day's thy ain!

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;  
Take thou the vanguard of the three; 110  
And hide me in the bracken bush  
That grows on yonder lily lea.

"O bury me by the bracken bush,  
Beneath the blumin' brier;  
Let never living mortal ken 115  
That a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord  
With the saut tear in his ee;  
And he hid him in the bracken bush,  
That his merrie men might not see. 120

The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
The spears in flinders flew;  
But many a gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons gude, in English bluid 125  
They steep'd their hose and shoon.  
The Lindsays flew like fire about  
Till a' the fray was dune.

The Percy and Montgomery met,  
That either of other was fain; 130  
They swakkit swords, and sair they swat,  
And the bluid ran doun like rain.

"Yield thee! O yield thee, Percy!" he said,  
"Or else I will lay thee low!"  
"To whom shall I yield," Earl Percy said, 135  
"Sin' I see that it maun be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,  
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
But yield thee to the bracken bush  
That grows upon yon lily lee!" 140

"I will not yield to a bracken bush,  
Nor yet will I to a brier;  
But I would yield to Lord Douglas,  
Or Hugh Montgomery if he were here."

As sune as he knew it was Montgomery, 145  
He stuck his sword-point in the gronde:  
Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was dune at the Otterburn,  
About the breaking o' the day; 150  
Earl Douglas was buried by the bracken bush,  
And Percy led captive away.

## (2) HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight, 5  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade, 10  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven, 15  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave, 25  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet, 30  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—*T. Campbell.*

---

### (3) THE JOY OF BATTLE

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in;  
 Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.  
 Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;  
 Bows, bills, glaives, arrows, shields, and spears!  
 Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring; 5  
 O view the wings of horse the meadows scouring!  
 The vanguard marches bravely. Hark, the drums!  
 Dub, dub!

They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes:  
 See how the arrows fly 10  
 That darken all the sky!  
 Hark how the trumpets sound!  
 Hark how the hills rebound—  
 Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara!



Hark how the horses charge! in, boys! boys, in! 15  
The battle totters; now the wounds begin:

O how they cry!

O how they die!

Room for the valiant Memnon, armed with thun-  
der!

See how he breaks the ranks asunder! 20

They fly! they fly! Eumenes has the chase,

And brave Polybius makes good his place:

To the plains, to the woods,

To the rocks, to the floods,

They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow! 25

Hark how the soldiers hollow!

Hey, hey!

Brave Diocles is dead,

And all his soldiers fled;

The battle's won, and lost, 30

That many a life hath cost.

--*John Fletcher.*

---

#### (4) THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,

Old Kaspar's work was done,

And he before his cottage door

Was sitting in the sun,

And by him sported on the green 5

His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet  
In playing there had found; 10  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head, 15  
And with a natural sigh,  
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,  
For there's many here about; 20  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out!  
For many thousand men", said he,  
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about," 25  
Young Peterkin, he cries;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
"Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for." 30

"It was the English", Kaspar cried,  
"Who put the French to rout:

But what they fought each other for,  
I could not well make out;  
But everybody said ", quoth he, 35  
" That 't was a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly; 40  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

" With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then, 45  
And new-born baby died;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

" They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won; 50  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

" Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, 55  
And our good Prince Eugene."

" Why 't was a very wicked thing!"  
Said little Wilhelmine.

" Nay . . nay . . my little girl," quoth he,  
" It was a famous victory. 60

“ And every body praised the Duke  
 Who this great fight did win.”

“ But what good came of it at last?”

Quoth little Peterkin.

“ Why that I cannot tell,” said he,

65

“ But ’t was a famous victory.”

—*R. Southey.*

## NOTES.—I

- |                             |   |                      |
|-----------------------------|---|----------------------|
| (1) THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN | . | <i>Old Ballad</i>    |
| (2) HOHENLINDEN             | . | <i>Campbell</i>      |
| (3) THE JOY OF BATTLE.      | . | <i>John Fletcher</i> |
| (4) THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM  | . | <i>Southey</i>       |

The first poem included in this group is entitled *The Battle of Otterburn*: it describes, however, not only the actual battle, but the events which led up to it. The poem may be conveniently divided into three sections, as follows: (1) lines 1-56, Douglas's challenge to Lord Percy; (2) lines 57-88, the Scottish encampment at Otterburn and the approach of Percy; (3) lines 89-152, the fight at Otterburn. The subject-matter of the ballad takes us back to times when personal prowess in battle still counted for much: as the *Iliad* tells us chiefly of the deeds of the Greek and Trojan chiefs, of Achilles and Hector, of Agamemnon and Paris and Menelaus, so here the writer of the ballad is concerned mainly with the sayings and doings of the two leaders, Douglas and Percy. The general progress of the battle among the rank and file is not described in detail; it is merely suggested in two stanzas.

In the second poem, *Hohenlinden*, the author's principal object is to describe, not a personal encounter between the leaders, who are not even mentioned, but the dreadful and

lurid surroundings and accompaniments of the battle—the glow of the torches, the flash and the crash of the cannon, the dense clouds of smoke, the call of drum and trumpet, the onset of steeds. The writer achieves his object in a few verses: he does not deal with the events which led up to the battle, nor is he concerned with the imaginary speeches of the leaders. As the poem is a short one, while the battle described lasted through a whole night, it is necessary that some idea of the lapse of time should be conveyed to the reader, and this is done by the use of such phrases as: “’Tis morn” (contrasting with “On Linden, when the sun was low”) and “The combat deepens”. The last stanza is not descriptive, but contains an abstract reflection.

The subject-matter of the third poem, *The Joy of Battle*, resembles that of Campbell’s poem rather than that of the ballad; but it describes the progress not of an actual but of an imaginary and typical battle. The successive incidents are alluded to in the order of their happening—the arrival of the scouts, the marshalling of the forces, the approach of the enemy—then the battle itself, in which, instead of the far flashing of “the red artillery”, the arrows “that darken all the sky” are depicted; the flight of the enemy is next described, and the poem concludes with a general statement of the result.

In the fourth poem, *The Battle of Blenheim*, the subject is treated from an entirely different point of view. The account given is retrospective: an old villager describes to his grandchildren some of the incidents which he has heard mentioned in connection with the battle. The chief interest of the poem lies not in the description of a battle but in the touches which suggest the character of old Kaspar and his grandchildren.

Corresponding to the differences between the poems in subject-matter, there are differences in tone and style. As the ballad takes us back to a simpler age, when family feuds were settled by a direct appeal to the sword, so its style is strongly marked by the quality of simplicity. The situations of the poem are presented directly, without any

attempt at reflection or moralizing. The diction too is simple, as appears in the similes: "the bluid ran down like rain" and "The Lindsays flew like fire about", and in the expressive line: "They swakkit swords till sair they swat". As in the *Iliad* and in primitive poetry generally, the characters are often described by a single epithet, as in the alliterative phrases: "the doughty Douglas", "the Lindsays light", "the Gordons gay", "proud Percy". From such ballads we may learn how effective simplicity of style in literature may be, and how a vivid description may be conveyed in a few words.

The second poem of the group is marked by a more formal literary art than the first. The first two stanzas state a formal antithesis or contrast, and the last stanza expresses a general reflection—the poet does not merely present the situation, he also moralizes. The less spontaneous art of the poem is seen also in the conscious introduction of figures of speech calculated to produce a certain effect. The quick rush of the battle is well suggested by the metre—by the three successive rhymes, and by the use of a three-syllabled word at the end of each stanza.

The most prominent literary feature of *The Joy of Battle* is its extraordinary animation. The frequent uses of Apostrophe and Onomatopœia contribute largely to produce this effect. The irregularity of the verse, and the abruptness of the exclamations, express suggestively the varied fortunes and vigour of the fight. Repetition is used to produce the effect of emphasis, as in the lines—

"They fly! they fly! . . .  
     To the plains, to the woods,  
     To the rocks, to the floods,  
 They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow!"

The style of Southey's poem, in harmony with its subject-matter, is in strong contrast with that of the preceding poem. It is not vigorous and emotional, but pleasant and familiar. Old Kaspar's character is suggested in many

humorous touches. He does not quite understand why the battle was fought, but it must have been a great event undoubtedly, for—

“‘everybody said’, quoth he,  
‘That ’t was a famous victory’”.

We must accept things as they are, is the old man’s way of thinking; and though the country was wasted, and many mothers and children died, and thousands fell in the battle, and little Wilhelmine thinks that “’t was a very wicked thing”, yet—

“things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory”.

---

## EXERCISES.—I

(1) Describe with some detail the subject-matter and plan of: (a) *The Battle of Otterburn*, (b) *The Battle of Blenheim*.

(2) Compare the subject-matter of *Hohenlinden* with that of *The Joy of Battle*. Point out resemblances and differences.

(3) Which of the four poems seek to interest us in persons as well as the incidents of battle? How does this difference affect the relative length of the poems?

(4) Quote: (a) two stanzas from *The Battle of Otterburn*, and (b) five lines from *The Joy of Battle*, describing the approach of the foe.

(5) Compare and contrast *Hohenlinden* with *The Joy of Battle* as regards style, diction, and metre. (Say which poem seems to you the more vigorous, and give reasons for your opinion. Quote instances of simile, metaphor, apostrophe, exclamation, onomatopœia, and repetition. Contrast the metres.)

(6) Which of the poems do you think to be in tone (a) the most familiar, (b) the most pathetic, (c) the most vigorous, (d) the most simple? Give reasons to justify your choice.

(7) Compare and contrast the following passages in respect of their thought, style, and metre:

(a) Brave Diocles is dead,  
And all his soldiers fled;  
The battle's won, and lost,  
That many a life hath cost.

—*The Joy of Battle.*

(b) Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—*Hohenlinden.*

(8) Compare and contrast the following passages in respect of their thought, style, and metre:

(a) Then up and spake a little boy  
Was near of Douglas' kin:  
"Methinks I see the English host  
Come branking us upon!"

"Nine war gangs beiring braid and wide,  
Seven banners beiring hie;  
It wad do any living gude  
To see their colours flee!"

—*The Battle of Otterburn.*

(b) Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;  
Bows, bills, glaives, arrows, shields, and spears!  
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring;  
O view the wings of horse the meadows scouring!  
The vanguard marches bravely. Hark, the drums!  
—*The Joy of Battle.*



## II. POEMS OF THE SEASONS

Frigora mitescunt zephyris; ver proterit aestas  
Interitura, simul  
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit; et mox  
Bruma recurrit iners.

—HOR. Od. vii, Lib. 4. 9.



## (1) A SONG OF SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant  
king;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a  
ring,

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay, 5  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit, 10  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring! the Sweet Spring!

—*T. Nash.*

---

## (2) THE SPRING OF LOVE

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonino!

That o'er the green cornfield did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding: 5

Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye  
 These pretty country folks would lie:

This carol they began that hour,  
 How that life was but a flower: 10

And therefore take the present time  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonino!  
 For love is crownèd with the prime  
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding: 15  
 Sweet lovers love the Spring.

— *W. Shakespeare.*

---

### (3) CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Get up, get up for shame! the blooming morn  
 Upon her wings presents the God unshorn.  
 See how Aurora throws her fair  
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air;  
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see 5  
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.  
 Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,  
 Above an hour since, yet you not drest,  
 Nay! not so much as out of bed?  
 When all the birds have matins said, 10  
 And sung their thankful hymns: 't is sin,  
 Nay, profanation to keep in,—  
 Whenas a thousand virgins, on this day,  
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage and be seen 15  
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and  
 green

And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
 For jewels for your gown or hair:  
 Fear not; the leaves will strew  
 Gems in abundance upon you: 20  
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:  
 Come, and receive them while the light  
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:  
 And Titan on the eastern hill 25  
 Retires himself, or else stands still  
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in  
 praying:  
 Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark  
 How each field turns a street; each street a park 30  
 Made green, and trimmed with trees: see how  
 Devotion gives each house a bough  
 Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,  
 An ark, a Tabernacle is  
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove; 35  
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
 Can such delights be in the street,  
 And open fields, and we not see 't?  
 Come, we 'll abroad: and let's obey  
 The proclamation made for May: 40  
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;  
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come 45

Back, and with white-thorn laden home.

Some have despatched their cakes and cream,

Before that we have left to dream;

And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,

And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth: 50

Many a green gown has been given;

Many a kiss, both odd and even;

Many a glance, too, has been sent

From out the eye, love's firmament;

Many a jest told of the keys' betraying 55

This night, and locks picked:—yet we're not  
a-Maying.

Come let us go, while we are in our prime;

And take the harmless folly of the time!

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty. 60

Our life is short; and our days run

As fast away as does the sun:—

And as a vapour or a drop of rain

Once lost, can ne'er be found again:

So when or you or I are made 65

A fable, song, or fleeting shade;

All love, all liking, all delight

Lies drowned with us in endless night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,

Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a-Maying. 70

—*R. Herrick.*

## (4) A SUMMER EVENING

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,  
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds  
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,  
In all their pomp attend his sitting throne.  
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now, 5  
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers  
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs  
(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb;  
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve  
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears . . . 10

Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,  
All ether softening, sober Evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air;  
A thousand shadows at her beck. First *this*  
She sends on earth; then *that*, of deeper dye, 15  
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn; 20  
While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
A whitening shower of vegetable down  
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care  
Of Nature nought disdains; thoughtful to feed 25  
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves  
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail; 30  
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means,  
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown  
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.  
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 35  
And valley sunk and unfrequented; where  
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
In various game and revelry to pass  
The summer night, as village stories tell.  
But far about they wander from the grave 40  
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged  
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
Of impious violence. The lonely tower  
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold,  
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 45  
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
The glow-worm lights his gem; and through the  
dark,  
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields  
The world to Night; not in her winter robe  
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed 50  
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,  
Flings half an image on the straining eye;  
While wavering woods, and villages, the streams, 54  
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained  
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,



Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven  
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft  
The silent hours of love, with purest ray  
Sweet Venus shines; and, from her genial rise, 60  
When day-light sickens, till it springs afresh,  
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

—*J. Thomson.*

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### (5) THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'T is the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred, 5  
No rose-bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem; 10  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed  
Where thy mates of the garden 15  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,

And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away. 20  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
O! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

—T. Moore.

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### (6) ODE TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves  
run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, 5  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more  
And still more, later flowers for the bees, 9  
Until they think the warm days will never cease;  
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary-floor,  
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind; 15  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy  
hook

Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are  
they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, 25  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river salallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft 31  
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—*J. Keats.*

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## (7) AUTUMN

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn  
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening  
To silence,—for no lonely bird would sing  
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,  
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn—  
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright  
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,  
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun,  
Oping the dusky eyelids of the south, 10  
Till shade and silence waken up as one,  
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth,  
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,  
On panting wings through the inclement skies,  
Lest owls should prey 15  
Undazzled at noon-day,  
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the west,  
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,  
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest 20  
Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flow'rs  
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green pine,—  
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three  
On the moss'd elm; three on the naked lime 25  
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree!

Where is the Dryads' immortality?—  
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,  
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through  
In the smooth holly's green eternity. 30

The squirrel gloats on his accomplish'd hoard,  
The ants have brimm'd their garners with ripe  
grain,

And honey bees have stored  
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells:  
The swallows all have wing'd across the main; 35  
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,

And sighs her tearful spells  
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.  
Alone, alone,  
Upon a mossy stone, 40  
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone  
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,  
Whilst all the wither'd world looks drearily,  
Like a dim picture of the drowned past  
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far away, 45  
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last  
Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded  
Under the languid downfall of her hair:  
She wears a coronal of flowers faded 50  
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—  
There is enough of wither'd everywhere  
To make her bower,—and enough of gloom;  
There is enough of sadness to invite,  
If only for the rose that died,—whose doom 55  
Is Beauty's,—she that with the living bloom  
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light:  
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite  
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—  
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl; 60  
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,  
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

—*T. Hood.*

## (8) A SONG OF WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,      5  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl  
     Tuwhoo!  
 Tuwhit! tuwho! A merry note!  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  
  
 When all around the wind doth blow,      10  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl      15  
     Tuwhoo!  
 Tuwhit! tuwho! A merry note!  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

— *W. Shakespeare.*

## (9) WINTER

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,  
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,  
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows  
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in  
     clouds,      5

A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne  
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urged by storms along its slippery way,  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun 10  
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,  
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,  
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still  
Compensating his loss with added hours 15  
Of social converse and instructive ease,  
And gathering, at short notice, in one group  
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,  
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.  
I crown thee king of intimate delights, 20  
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening know.  
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates; 25  
No powdered pert, proficient in the art  
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors  
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds  
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the  
sound,  
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake: 30  
But here the needle plies its busy task,  
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,  
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,  
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,

And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed, 35  
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;  
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow  
With most success when all besides decay.  
The poet's or historian's page by one  
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest; 40  
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds  
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes  
out;  
And the clear voice, symphonious, yet distinct,  
And in the charming strife triumphant still,  
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge 45  
On female industry: the threaded steel  
Flies swiftly, and, unfelt, the task proceeds.  
The volume closed, the customary rites  
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,  
Such as the mistress of the world once found 50  
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,  
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,  
And under an old oak's domestic shade,  
Enjoyed—spare feast! a radish and an egg!  
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull, 55  
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play  
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:  
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,  
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God  
That made them an intruder on their joys, 60  
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise  
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,  
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,



While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,  
 That calls the past to our exact review, 65  
 The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,  
 The disappointed foe, deliverance found  
 Unlooked for, life preserved, and peace restored—  
 Fruits of omnipotent, eternal love.  
 O evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed 70  
 The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,  
 More to be prized and coveted than yours,  
 As with more illumined, and with nobler truths,  
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.  
 — *W. Cowper.*

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## NOTES.—II

- |                                    |                    |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| (1) A SONG OF SPRING . . .         | <i>Nash</i>        |
| (2) THE SPRING OF LOVE . . .       | <i>Shakespeare</i> |
| (3) CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING . . . | <i>Herrick</i>     |
| (4) A SUMMER EVENING . . .         | <i>Thomson</i>     |
| (5) THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER . . .  | <i>Moore</i>       |
| (6) ODE TO AUTUMN . . .            | <i>Keats</i>       |
| (7) AUTUMN . . .                   | <i>Hood</i>        |
| (8) A SONG OF WINTER . . .         | <i>Shakespeare</i> |
| (9) WINTER . . .                   | <i>Cowper</i>      |

Four of the poems included in this section (Nos. 1, 2, 5, and 8) belong to the class of lyrics which sing themselves: they give a short and musical expression to a single feeling or idea. The other poems are longer, and contain the elements of description and reflection in varying degrees.

The first three poems celebrate Spring as the season of freshness and joy and love. The songs of Shakespeare and Nash are characterized by a delightful simplicity and

grace. Nash's verses are purely descriptive, while Shakespeare's and Herrick's poems sound a deeper note of reflection in the lines that refer to the passing of time. Life—so sing the country folks of Shakespeare—is but a flower, “and therefore take the present time”; and Herrick too reflects that soon we shall be “a fable, song, or fleeting shade”, therefore “Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying”.

Thomson's lines on *A Summer Evening* are almost exclusively descriptive. He does not describe a single scene or picture, but gives an account of different scenes, and of the gradual merging of evening into night. Nor does he limit himself to depicting the sights and sounds of nature; he associates with these the occupations and emotions of man. This is a characteristic commonly found in poetry which aims at the description of natural objects and times and seasons. It appears, for example, in the fifth poem of the group—Moore's lyric on *The Last Rose of Summer*, the charm of which depends upon the association of two ideas: the fading of the last rose, and the vanishing of man's hopes and joys when he is bereft of friends. The sadness of this lyric may be contrasted with the bright joyousness of Nash's *Song of Spring*. Thomson's lines illustrate well another common feature of the Poetry of Nature, viz. its use of descriptive epithets, as in “sober Evening”, and “Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn”.

In the two poems on Autumn we find exemplified yet another characteristic of this kind of poetry: the frequent use of Personification. In nearly all the poems of the group the objects of nature are spoken of as if they were endowed with the capacities of man—cf. “The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet” (Nash), and “Low walks the sun” (Thomson). Here, in the verses of Keats and Hood, Autumn itself is personified. Keats imagines Autumn as a female figure

“sitting careless on a granary-floor,  
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies”.

Hood imagines Autumn as an old man, standing

“shadowless like Silence, listening  
To silence . . . . .  
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright  
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,  
Pearling his coronet of golden corn”.

In Keats's poem Autumn is contrasted with Spring, in Hood's poem with Summer. Hood's verses are sadder in tone. Keats describes Autumn as the season of “mellow fruitfulness” and as the “close bosom-friend of the maturing sun”; Spring has her songs, and their sound has died away, but Autumn has her music too. Hood, on the other hand, speaks of the “Autumn melancholy”; the blooms and pride of Summer have vanished, and now Autumn dwells in sadness, sighing “her tearful spells amongst the sunless shadows of the plain”.

Of the two poems on Winter, Shakespeare's is humorous in tone, while Cowper's is earnest and elevated. Shakespeare suggests the cold discomforts of winter in the open air, when the shepherds blow on their hands to warm them, and “ways be foul”, and the milk comes home frozen in the pail, and “Marian's nose looks red and raw”; he suggests also, however, the warm log-lit hall, and the cottage where the country wife cooks over the fire and the homely hissing of roasted apples is heard. Cowper's lines begin with a personification of Winter, who is imagined as an old man with white hair and beard, bearing a leafless branch as sceptre, and mounted on

“A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urged by storms along its slippery way”.

The writer then proceeds to contrast the quiet amusements of a family in the country with the fashionable amusements of the town.

## EXERCISES.—II

(1) Write a short account of the subject-matter of *Corinna's going a-Maying*.

(2) Write a short account of the subject-matter of *A Summer Evening*, showing the connection between the successive parts.

(3) Compare and contrast Cowper's lines on Winter with Thomson's description of a Summer evening as regards: (a) subject-matter, (b) style and diction, (c) metre.

(4) Contrast:

(a) Poem No. 1 (*A Song of Spring*) with poem No. 5 (*The Last Rose of Summer*).

(b) Poem No. 2 (*The Spring of Love*) with poem No. 8 (*A Song of Winter*).

(5) Show how the life of man is associated with the life of nature in the following poems: (a) *The Spring of Love*, (b) *A Summer Evening*, (c) *The Last Rose of Summer*, (d) Cowper's lines on *Winter*.—Name two poems in the group in which this feature is not prominent.

(6) Name two poems in the group in which the element of reflection predominates, and two in which the element of description predominates.

(7) Describe Autumn as it is personified by Keats and Hood, and Winter as it is personified by Cowper. Write original descriptions of Spring and Summer imagined as persons.

(8) Explain the term "descriptive epithet". Give four examples of the use of descriptive epithets in each of the following: (a) Thomson's *A Summer Evening*; (b) Keats's *Ode to Autumn*; (c) Hood's *Autumn*; (d) Cowper's lines on *Winter*.

(9) What ideas are suggested to you by the epithets in the following: (a) "sober Evening"; (b) "I crown thee king of intimate delights"; (c) "Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king"; (d) "season of mellow fruitfulness"; (e) "soft-dying day"?

(10) Compare and contrast the following passages in respect of (a) thought, (b) style and tone:

(i) This carol they began that hour,  
 How that life was but a flower:  
 And therefore take the present time  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonino!  
 For love is crownèd with the prime  
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding:  
 Sweet lovers love the Spring.  
—*Shakespeare.*

(ii) Come let us go, while we are in our prime;  
 And take the harmless folly of the time!  
 We shall grow old apace, and die  
 Before we know our liberty.  
 Our life is short; and our days run  
 As fast away as does the sun:—  
 And as a vapour or a drop of rain  
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again:  
 So when or you or I are made  
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade;  
 All love, all liking, all delight  
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.  
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
 Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a-Maying.  
—*Herrick.*

(11) Compare and contrast Keats's with Hood's verses on Autumn.



### III. POEMS ON MUSIC

The rising and sinking of the passions, the casting soft or noble hints into the soul, is the natural privilege of music.

—*Spectator*, No. 630.





(1) ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE  
POWER OF MUSIC

'T was at the royal feast for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son—  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne; 5  
His valiant peers were placed around,  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound  
(So should desert in arms be crown'd);  
The lovely Thais by his side  
Sate like a blooming eastern bride 10  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:—  
Happy, happy, happy pair!  
None but the brave  
None but the brave  
None but the brave deserves the fair! 15

Timotheus placed on high  
Amid the tuneful quire  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;  
The trembling notes ascend the sky  
And heavenly joys inspire. 20  
The song began from Jove  
Who left his blissful seats above—  
Such is the power of mighty love!  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;

Sublime on radiant spires he rode 25  
When he to fair Olympia prest,  
And while he sought her snowy breast;  
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the  
world.

—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound! 30  
A present deity! they shout around:  
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound!  
With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god; 35  
Affects to nod  
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician  
sung,  
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:  
The jolly god in triumph comes! 40  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!  
Flush'd with a purple grace  
He shows his honest face:  
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he  
comes!  
Bacchus, ever fair and young, 45  
Drinking joys did first ordain;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure, 50  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the King grew vain;  
Fought all his battles o'er again,  
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew  
the slain!

The master saw the madness rise, 55  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
And while he Heaven and Earth defied  
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.  
He chose a mournful Muse  
Soft pity to infuse:  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood;  
Deserted, at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed;  
On the bare earth exposed he lies  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate  
Revolving in his alter'd soul  
The various turns of Chance below;  
And now and then a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see 75  
That love was in the next degree;  
'T was but a kindred sound to move.  
For pity melts the mind to love.  
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures  
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures. 80

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
 Honour but an empty bubble,  
 Never ending, still beginning;  
 Fighting still, and still destroying;  
 If the world be worth thy winning, 85  
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying:  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee!  
 —The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
 So love was crown'd, but Music won the cause. 90  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again: 95  
 At length with love and wine at once oppress  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder 100  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark, hark! the horrid sound  
 Has raised up his head:  
 As awaked from the dead  
 And amazed he stares around. 105  
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
 See the furies arise!  
 See the snakes that they rear  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes! 110

Behold a ghastly band  
Each a torch in his hand!  
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain: 115  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew!  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods. 120  
—The princes applaud with a furious joy:  
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to  
destroy;  
Thais led the way  
To light him to his prey,  
And like another Helen, fired another Troy! 125  
—Thus, long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
While organs yet were mute,  
Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre 130  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds, 135  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown  
before.  
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize

Or both divide the crown;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies; 140  
 She drew an angel down!

—*J. Dryden.*

## (2) SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

NOVEMBER 22, 1687

From harmony, from heavenly harmony  
 This universal frame began; ?  
 When Nature underneath a heap  
     Of jarring atoms lay,  
     And could not heave her head, 5  
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
     Arise, ye more than dead.  
 Then cold and hot and moist and dry  
 In order to their stations leap,  
     And Music's power obey. 10  
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony  
     This universal frame began,  
 From harmony to harmony  
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran  
 The diapason closing full in Man. 15

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?  
 When Jubal struck the corded shell,  
 His listening brethren stood around,  
     And, wondering, on their faces fell  
 To worship that celestial sound: 20

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell  
Within the hollow of that shell,  
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.  
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour 25  
Excites us to arms  
With shrill notes of anger  
And mortal alarms.  
The double double double beat  
Of the thundering drum 30  
Cries, Hark! the foes come;  
Charge, charge, 't is too late to retreat!

The soft complaining flute  
In dying notes discovers  
The woes of hopeless lovers, 35  
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
Fury, frantic indignation,  
Depths of pain and height of passion, 40  
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,  
What human voice can reach  
The sacred organ's praise?  
Notes inspiring holy love, 45  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
 And trees uprooted left their place,  
     Sequacious of the lyre; 50  
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:  
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
 An angel heard, and straight appeared  
     Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

## GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays 55  
     The spheres began to move,  
 And sung the great Creator's praise  
     To all the blest above;  
 So when the last and dreadful hour  
 This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60  
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
 The dead shall live, the living die,  
 And Music shall untune the sky.

—*J. Dryden.*

## (3) THE PASSIONS

## AN ODE FOR MUSIC

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell  
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, 5  
 Possest beyond the Muse's painting;



By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined:  
'Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,  
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired, 10  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for Madness ruled the hour, 15  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made. 20

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair— 25  
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure? 30  
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
Still would her touch the strain prolong;  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale

She call'd on Echo still through all the song;      35  
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and wav'd her golden  
hair;—

And longer had she sung:—but with a frown  
Revenge impatient rose:      40  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;  
And with a withering look  
The war-denouncing trumpet took  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!      45  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat;  
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity at his side  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,      50  
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting  
from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd:  
Sad proof of thy distressful state!      54  
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;  
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on  
Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sat retired;  
And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,      60

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:  
And dashing soft from rocks around  
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure  
stole,  
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay, 65  
Round an holy calm diffusing,  
Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue, 70  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!  
The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed  
Queen, 75  
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen  
Peeping from forth their alleys green:  
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;  
And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen  
spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial: 80  
He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand address:  
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best:  
They would have thought who heard the strain 85

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids  
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing;  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings, 89  
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid, 95  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid  
 Why, goddess, why, to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
 As in that loved Athenian bower  
 You learn'd an all-commanding power, 100  
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd!  
 Can well recall what then it heard.  
 Where is thy native simple heart  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
 Arise, as in that elder time, 105  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!  
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,  
 Fill thy recording Sister's page;—  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail, 110  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age,  
 E'en all at once together found  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound:—

O bid our vain endeavours cease: 115  
 Revive the just designs of Greece:  
 Return in all thy simple state!  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

— *W. Collins.*

### NOTES.—III

- (1) ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER  
     OF MUSIC . . . . . *Dryden*  
 (2) SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY . . . *Dryden*  
 (3) THE PASSIONS: AN ODE FOR MUSIC . *Collins*

Each of the poems in this section describes the various feelings and passions that are excited by music. But the plan of each poem is essentially different: the subject in each case is treated from a different point of view.

In the first poem the writer illustrates the power of music by showing how it affected a particular individual on a particular occasion: the different feelings and passions excited in Alexander by Timotheus's music are described in turn. The first stanza depicts the scene and occasion; in the last stanza the poet celebrates the power of music and praises Cecilia as inventress of the organ; the intermediate stanzas describe the emotions of Alexander.

In the *Song for St. Cecilia's Day* the place and situation and persons are not suggested. The poem shows how different feelings are aroused by the sound of different instruments—"the chorded shell", the trumpet, the flute, the violin, the organ.

In Collins's ode the various passions are described as expressing themselves: they snatch her instruments from Music, the "heavenly maid", and seek each to "prove his own expressive power": thus Fear, Anger, Despair, Hope,

Revenge, Jealousy, Melancholy, Cheerfulness, and Joy are represented as giving appropriate expression to their nature. The first stanza is introductory, and suggests the plan of the poem. The last stanza laments the decay of music, and invokes the spirit of Greek music to

“ Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime ”.

Dryden's two poems are notable for the skill with which the metre and sound are made to express the varying nature of the emotions as they rise. In the first poem, for instance, we may contrast the vigour of these lines—

“ Hark, hark ! the horrid sound  
Has raised up his head :  
As awaked from the dead  
And amazed he stares around.  
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
See the furies arise !  
See the snakes that they rear  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes ! ”—

with the sad cadence of—

“ He chose a mournful Muse  
Soft pity to infuse :  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood ;  
Deserted at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed ;  
On the bare earth exposed he lies  
With not a friend to close his eyes ”.

Onomatopœia is found in both poems ; and in the first poem especially Repetition is effectively used (compare the

instances of Repetition in a previous poem included in this volume—*The Joy of Battle*, p. 20).

In the third poem, by Collins, the effectiveness with which the different emotions are expressed does not depend so much on variation of metre and sound. The tone of the poem is quieter and more reflective, and its metre is smoother and less irregular. The writer expresses the nature of the passions by the varying subject-matter of the stanzas, by the appropriate ideas and images that he suggests, rather than by changes in sound and rhythm. Observe, for example, how skilfully the idea of fear is suggested—

“First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made”.

The use of Personification throughout the poem is especially noticeable—each Passion that is described rises before us as an appropriate, distinct, and vivid figure.

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### EXERCISES.—III

(1) Describe briefly the subject-matter and plan of each of the poems in this section.

(2) Contrast the subject-matter of the first stanza in each of the three poems. Deal with each of the last stanzas in the same way.

(3) Quote from the three poems lines which describe the power of Music generally.

(4) What feelings or incidents are associated in the respective poems with the following instruments: (a) the trumpet, (b) the drum, (c) “the soft-complaining flute” (d) “sharp violins”, (e) the organ, (f) “the mellow horn”, (g) “the brisk awakening viol”?

(5) Describe (a) Melancholy, (b) Cheerfulness, as they are personified by Collins.—Write an original paragraph describing Mirth as a person playing on an instrument.

(6) Quote from Dryden's two poems (a) three passages in which the metre suggests the sense, (b) three onomatopœic phrases, (c) three instances of effective repetition of words.

(7) Compare and contrast the following passages as regards their subject-matter and style:—

(a) The soft complaining flute  
       In dying notes discovers  
       The woes of hopeless lovers,  
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.  
       Sharp violins proclaim  
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
 Fury, frantic indignation,  
 Depth of pain and height of passion  
       For the fair, disdainful dame.  
—Dryden.

(b) Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd:  
       Sad proof of thy distressful state!  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;  
       And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.  
—Collins.

(8) Compare and contrast the following:—

(a) Now strike the golden lyre again:  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark, hark! the horrid sound  
 Has raised up his head:  
 As awaked from the dead  
 And amazed he stares around.  
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
 See the Furies arise!  
 See the snakes that they rear



How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
—*Dryden.*

(b)                      With a frown  
Revenge impatient rose:  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;  
And with a withering look  
The war-denouncing trumpet took  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat;  
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity at his side  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from  
his head.

—Collins.



#### IV. WEDDING POEMS

Iam veniet virgo, iam dicetur Hymenaeus:  
Hymen o Hymenæe, Hymen ades o Hymenæe!  
—CATULLUS, *Carm.* lxii.



## (1) EPITHALAMION

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes  
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,  
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rymes,  
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne  
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes, 5  
But joyed in theyr praise;  
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,  
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,  
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,  
And teach the woods and waters to lament 10  
Your dolefull dreriment:  
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;  
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,  
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound;  
Ne let the same of any be envie: 15  
So Orpheus did for his owne bride!  
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;  
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.  
  
Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe,  
His golden beame upon the hills doth spread, 20  
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,  
Doe ye awake; and, with fresh lusty-hed,  
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,  
My truest turtle dove;

Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake, 25  
And long since ready forth his maske to move,  
With his bright Teade that flames with many a  
flake,

And, many a bachelor to waite on him,  
In theyr fresh garments trim.

Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight, 30  
For lo! the wished day is come at last,  
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,  
Pay to her usury of long delight:

And, whylest she doth her dight,  
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing, 35  
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho  
ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes, that you can  
heare

Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,  
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare:  
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene. 40  
And let them also with them bring in hand  
Another gay girland,

For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,  
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.  
And let them make great store of bridale poses, 45  
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,  
To deck the bridale bowers.

And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,  
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,  
Be strewed with fragrant flower all along, 50  
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.

Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,  
For she will waken strayt;  
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,  
The woods shall to you answer, and your Eccho  
ring. 55

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed  
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,  
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;  
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell;) 60  
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,  
Where none doo fishes take;  
Bynd up the locks the which hang scattered light,  
And in his waters, which your mirror make,  
Behold your faces as the christall bright,  
That when you come whereas my love doth lie, 65  
No blemish she may spie.  
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,  
That on the hoary mountayne used to towre;  
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to  
devoure,  
With your steele darts doe chace from comming  
neer; 70  
Be also present heere,  
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;  
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed, 75  
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;  
And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious hed.

Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr  
laies

And carroll of Love's praise.

The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft; 80

The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;

The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;

So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,

To this dayes merriment.

Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long? 85

When meeter were that ye should now awake,

T'awayt the comming of your joyous make,

And hearken to the birds love-learnèd song,

The deawy leaves among!

Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing, 90

That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho  
ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreames,

And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmèd were

With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams

More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere. 95

Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,

Helpe quickly her to dight:

But first come ye fayre houres, which were begot

In Jove's sweet paradice of Day and Night;

Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot, 100

And al, that ever in this world is fayre,

Doe make and still repayre:

And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,

The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,

Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride: 105



And, as ye her array, still throw betweene  
Some graces to be seene;  
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,  
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho  
ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come: 110  
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:  
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,  
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.  
Set all your things in seemely good aray,  
Fit for so joyfull day: 115  
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.  
Faire Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,  
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,  
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,  
Her beauty to disgrace. 120  
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!  
If ever I did honour thee aright,  
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,  
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse;  
But let this day, let this one day, be myne; 125  
Let all the rest be thine.  
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,  
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho  
ring.

Harke! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud  
Their merry Musick that resounds from far, 130  
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,  
That well agree withouten breach or jar.

But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite  
When they their tymbrels smyte,  
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet, 135  
That all the sences they doe ravish quite;  
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street  
Crying aloud with strong confusèd noyce,  
As if it were one voyce,  
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout; 140  
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill  
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill:  
To which the people standing all about,  
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,  
And loud advaunce her laud; 145  
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,  
That al the woods them answer, and theyr eccho  
ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,  
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,  
Arysing forth to run her mighty race, 150  
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.  
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene  
Some angell she had beene.  
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre, 154  
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowers atweene,  
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;  
And, being crownèd with a girland greene,  
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.  
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold  
So many gazers as on her do stare, 160  
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;

Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
But blush to heare her prayeses sung so loud,  
So farre from being proud.  
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayeses sing, 165  
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see  
So fayre a creature in your towne before;  
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,  
Adornd with beautyes grace, and vertues store? 170  
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,  
Her forehead yvory white,  
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath  
    rudded,  
Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,  
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded, 175  
Her paps lyke lyllyes budded,  
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;  
And all her body like a pallace fayre, •  
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,  
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre. 180  
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,  
Upon her so to gaze,  
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho  
    ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see, 185  
The inward beauty of her lively spright,  
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,

And stand astonisht lyke to those which red  
Medusæ's mazeful hed. 190

There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,  
Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,  
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;  
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,  
And giveth lawes alone, 195  
The which the base affections doe obay,  
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;  
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may  
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.  
Had ye once-seene these her celestial treasures, 200  
And unrevealèd pleasures,  
Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,  
That al the woods should answer, and your eccho  
ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in, 205  
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,  
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,  
For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,  
That commeth in to you.  
With trembling steps, and humble reverence, 210  
She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view;  
Of her ye virgins learn obedience  
When so ye come into those holy places,  
To humble your proud faces:  
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may 215  
The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
The which do endlesse matrimony make;

And let the roring Organs loudly play  
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;  
The whiles, with hollow throates, 220  
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,  
That al the woods may answere, and their eccho  
ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,  
And blesseth her with his two happy hands, 225  
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,  
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne  
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:  
That even th' Angels, which continually  
About the sacred Altare doe remaine, 230  
Forget their service and about her fly,  
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,  
The more they on it stare.  
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,  
Are governèd with goodly modesty, 235  
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,  
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.  
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,  
The pledge of all owr band!  
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing, 240  
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho  
ring.

Now al is done: bring home the bride againe;  
Bring home the triumph of our victory:  
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine;  
With joyance bring her and with jollity. 245

Never had man more joyfull day then this,  
Whom heaven would heape with blis,  
Make feast therefore now all this livelong day:  
This day for ever to me holy is.  
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay, 250  
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,  
Poure out to all that wull,  
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,  
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.  
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall, 255  
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine;  
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,  
For they can doe it best:  
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,  
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho  
ring. 260

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,  
And leave your wonted labors for this day:  
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,  
That ye for ever it remember may.  
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight, 265  
With Barnaby the bright,  
From whence declining daily by degrees,  
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,  
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.  
But for this time it ill ordainèd was, 270  
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,  
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:  
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.

Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,  
And bonefiers make all day; 275  
And daunce about them, and about them sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho  
ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,  
And lende me leave to come unto my love?  
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?  
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move? 281  
Haste thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,  
Within the Westernne fome:  
Thy tyrèd steedes long since have need of rest.  
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome, 285  
And the bright evening-star with golden creast  
Appeare out of the East.  
Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of love!  
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,  
And guydest lovers through the nights sad dread,  
How chearefully thou lookest from above, 291  
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,  
As joying in the sight  
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and their echo  
ring! 295

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,  
In which a thousand torches flaming bright  
Doe burne, that to us wretchèd earthly clods  
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;  
And all ye powers which in the same remayne, 300  
More then we men can fayne!

Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,  
 And happy influence upon us raine,  
 That we may raise a large posterity,  
 Which from the earth, which they may long  
     possesse 305  
 With lasting happinesse,  
 Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;  
 And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,  
 May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,  
 Of blessed Saints for to increase the count. 310  
 So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,  
 And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing:  
 The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring!  
     ¶ —*E. Spenser.*

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## (2) A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,  
 Where I the rarest things have seen;  
     O, things without compare!  
 Such sights again cannot be found  
 In any place on English ground 5  
     Be it at wake or fair.  
  
 At Charing-Cross, hard by the way,  
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,  
     There is a house with stairs;  
 And there did I see coming down 10  
 Such folk as are not in our town,  
     Forty at least, in pairs.



Amongst the rest one pest'lent fine  
(His beard no bigger though than mine)  
Walked on before the rest: 15  
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:  
The King (God bless him!) 't would undo him,  
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,  
He should have first been taken out 20  
By all the maids i' th' town:  
Though lusty Roger there had been,  
Or little George upon the Green,  
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going 25  
To make an end of all his wooing;  
The parson for him stayed:  
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)  
He did not so much wish all past  
(Perchance) as did the maid. 30

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),  
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale  
Could ever yet produce:  
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be  
So round, so plump, so soft as she, 35  
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring  
Would not stay on, which they did bring,  
It was too wide a peck:

And to say truth (for out it must) 40  
It looked like the great collar (just)  
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light: 45  
But O, she dances such a way!  
No sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison 50  
(Who sees them is undone),  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Catherine pear  
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin, 55  
Compared to that was next her chin  
(Some bee had stung it newly);  
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face;  
I durst no more upon them gaze  
Than on the sun in July. 60

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,  
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,  
That they might passage get;  
But she so handled still the matter,  
They came as good as ours, or better, 65  
And are not spent a whit.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,  
And all the waiters in a trice  
    His summons did obey;  
Each serving-man, with dish in hand, 70  
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,  
    Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,  
What man of knife or teeth was able  
    To stay to be entreated? 75  
And this the very reason was,  
Before the parson could say grace,  
    The company was seated.

The business of the kitchen's great,  
For it is fit that men should eat; 80  
    Nor was it there denied:  
Passion o' me, how I run on!  
There's that that would be thought upon  
    (I trow) besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youth carouse; 85  
Healts first go round, and then the house,  
    The bride's came thick and thick:  
And when 't was named another's health,  
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;  
    And who could help it, Dick? 90

On the sudden up they rise and dance;  
Then sit again and sigh, and glance:  
    Then dance again and kiss:

Thus several ways the time did pass,  
 Whilst ev'ry woman wished her place, 95  
 And every man wished his.

—*Sir John Suckling.*

## NOTES.—IV

- (1) EPITHALAMION . . . . . *Spenser*  
 (2) A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING . . . *Suckling*

The *Epithalamion* was written by Spenser to celebrate his own marriage. The poem follows the course of the wedding-day from morning to night. As morning dawns, the birds carol forth an ecstasy of song which serves as a fitting prelude to "this day's merriment". The poet calls upon his love to awake, and invokes the Hours, the three handmaids of Venus, to assist in adorning the bride. The virgins and "fresh boys" who are to attend upon bride and bridegroom are ready and waiting; the minstrels begin to sound their merry music; and presently the bride, "clad all in white", comes forth from her chamber. The church is reached, and after the ceremony the bride is brought home again, and the marriage-feast is celebrated.

The marriage referred to in Suckling's poem is that of two personages of high rank, Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery. Only two scenes or incidents of the day are suggested, the bridal procession and the subsequent feast. The description of the incidents is put in the mouth of an imaginary onlooker—a young countryman.

Few poems resembling one another in theme could differ more widely in treatment and tone than these two. The *Epithalamion* glows with an intense flame of life and passion. Hallam said of it: "I do not know any other nuptial song, ancient or modern, of equal beauty; it is an intoxication

of ecstasy, ardent, noble, and pure". It is a succession of poetic and vivid images suggestive of loveliness in many forms—loveliness of person, of character, of scenery, and of the life of nature. We should note how Spenser's sense of beauty expresses itself naturally in concrete images. The bride appears—

"Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,  
Her forehead yvory white,  
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded ";

and at the altar, as the priest blesses her,

"How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,  
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne  
Like crimsin dyde in grayne!"

The animation and vividness of the descriptions are greatly increased by the use of the present tense and of Apostrophe at the beginning of many of the stanzas and throughout the poem. The frequent allusions to classical mythology are characteristic of Spenser's period and accord well with the dignity of his style.

Suckling's ballad differs essentially from Spenser's poem alike in tone and in execution. The very conception that underlies the ballad as a whole bears witness to a certain degree of effrontery on the part of the writer: instead of such a stately ode as we might expect a poet to write in celebration of the marriage of two persons of high rank, Suckling writes a familiar ballad put in the mouth of a country yokel. Yet the poem shows a most delicate and finished art, and is as perfect in its kind as Spenser's poem. We should notice especially how the remarks of the countryman harmonize throughout with his supposed character and occupations. Charing Cross is

"hard by the way,  
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay".

The bride is compared to a ripe grape, and the red of her cheeks to the red of a Catherine pear, while the ring, which is too large for her finger,

“looked like the great collar (just)  
About our young colt’s neck”.

The poem contains a famous simile—

“Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light.”

While Spenser’s poem is marked by stateliness and a sense of pure poetic beauty, Suckling’s ballad shows a delightful ease and gaiety and wit.

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### EXERCISES.—IV

(1) Compare and contrast the subject-matter of the two poems.

(2) Suckling describes only two incidents of the wedding-day, the procession and the feast. Show the appropriateness of this selection of subject-matter to the general idea and tone of the ballad.

(3) Compare and contrast the matter and the manner of Spenser’s and Suckling’s descriptions of the bride.

(4) Give instances of three similes from Spenser’s poem and three from Suckling’s; and show how the similes of the writers are in harmony with the tone of their respective poems.

(5) Illustrate from Spenser’s poem the use of: (a) the vivid

present tense, (b) Apostrophe, (c) Interrogation, (d) Repetition.—What effect is produced on the reader's mind by these usages?

(6) Compare and contrast the following passages:—

- (a) Now al is done: bring home the bride again; ;  
 Bring home the triumph of our victory :  
 Bring home with you the glory of her gaine;  
 With joyance bring her and with jollity.  
 Never had man more joyfull day then this,  
 Whom heaven would heape with blis,  
 Make feast therefore now all this livelong day:  
 This day for ever to me holy is.  
 Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,  
 Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,  
 Poure out to all that wull,  
 And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,  
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.  
 Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,  
 And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine;  
 And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,  
 For they can doe it best:  
 The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing;  
 To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho ring.  
—*Spenser.*

- (b) Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,  
 And all the waiters in a trice  
 His summons did obey;  
 Each serving-man, with dish in hand,  
 Marched boldly up, like our trained band,  
 Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,  
 What man of knife or teeth was able  
 To stay to be entreated?  
 And this the very reason was,  
 Before the parson could say grace,  
 The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youth carouse,  
Healts first go round, and then the house,  
The bride's came thick and thick ;  
And when 't was named another's health,  
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth ;  
And who could help it, Dick ?

—*Suckling.*

(7) Contrast the metres of the two poems, and describe the impression that each produces.



## V. QUIET PLEASURES

Of this fair volume which we World do name  
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,  
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,  
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare:  
Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,  
His providence extending everywhere,  
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,  
In every page, no period of the same.  
But silly we, like foolish children, rest  
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,  
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,  
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;  
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,  
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

—W. DRUMMOND.



## (1) L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
unholy!

Find out some uncouth cell, 5  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous  
wings,

And the night-raven sings:  
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10

But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In Heaven, yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
With two sister graces more, 15  
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:  
Or whether, as some sager sing,  
The frolick wind, that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying; 20  
There on beds of violet blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee 25  
Jest, and youthful jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek; 30  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it, as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee 35  
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And, if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unrepovèd pleasures free; 40  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing, startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come, in spite of sorrow, 45  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:  
While the cock, with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin; 50  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before:  
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,

From the side of some hoar hill, 55  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
 Some time walking, not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state, 60  
 Robed in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
 While the plowman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65  
 And the mower whets his sithe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 Whilst the landskip round it measures; 70  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied; 75  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savoury dinner set

Of herbs, and other country messes, 85  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid, 95  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holyday,  
Till the livelong daylight fail:  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How faery Mab the junkets ate:  
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she sed;  
And he, by friar's lantern led,  
Tells how the drudging goblin swet, 105  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
That ten day-labourers could not end:  
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110  
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Tower'd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, 120  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear 125  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With masque, and antique pageantry;  
 Such sighs as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on;  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
 And ever, against eating cares, 135  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse;  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out, 140  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning;  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains, as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

—*J. Milton.*

## (2) IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred!  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!  
 Dwell in some idle brain, 5  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10

But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view 15  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;



Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above 20  
The sea-nymphs', and their powers offended:  
Yet thou art higher far descended:  
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign, 25  
Such mixture was not held a stain:  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestick train,  
And sable stole of cypress lawn, 35  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait;  
And looks commérceing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40  
There, led in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's alter sing.  
And add to these retirèd Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure: 50  
But first and chiefest with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,  
The cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence hist along, 55  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak: 60  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,  
I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
And, missing thee, I walk unseen 65  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wandering moon  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heaven's wide pathless way; 70  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore, 75  
Swinging slow with sullen roar:

Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removèd place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom; 80  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour, 85  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear  
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshy nook:  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent 95  
 With planet, or with element.  
 Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine; 100  
 Or what, though rare, of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower!  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105  
 Such notes, as, warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what love did seek!  
Or call up him that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110  
Of Camball and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride: 115  
And if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung  
Of turneys, and of trophies hung;  
Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchieft in a comely cloud, 125  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves. 130  
And, when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
Of pine, or monumental oak, 135  
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look, 140  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep, 145  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious Dream  
Wave at his wings in acry stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid: 150  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail 155  
To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
And love the high-embowèd roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light: 160  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies, 165  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170  
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give, 175  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

—*J. Milton.*

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### NOTES.—V

- (1) L'ALLEGRO . . . . . *Milton*  
 (2) IL PENSEROSO . . . . . *Milton*

In these poems Milton describes the experiences of an imaginary character in the two contrasted moods of joyous emotion and grave reflection. "L'Allegro" (the cheerful man) and "Il Penseroso" (the thoughtful man) are not to be conceived as being two distinct persons: the imaginary character referred to is the same for both poems—a cultivated and scholarly man who at one time, under the influence of joyous emotion, pursues such pleasures as are in harmony with his mood, while at another time, when he is in a more reflective vein, he seeks out more retired places and enjoys quieter pleasures.

In structure the one poem is an exact counterpart of the other. Mr. W. J. Courthope says in his *History of English Poetry*: "*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are each arranged on the same principle, opening with an invocation, and proceeding to a series of descriptions, so grouped as to express the gradual advance of day or night. As the

light grows or fades upon the landscape, the poet guides us through a maze of many-coloured images and changing moods of feeling, all, however, harmoniously associated with the central subject. . . . In the *Allegro* the mental experiences proceed from sunrise to nightfall: in the *Penseroso* they begin at night, and end with the vesper service on the following day; and during the parallel periods of time the different sounds, sights, and diversions are carefully balanced against each other: *e.g.* the song of the morning lark against the falling of the early shower; the noonday walk of the cheerful man, *not unseen*, against the secluded slumber of the melancholy man in the wood; the nightly reading of masques and comedies against the midnight study of philosophy and tragedy."

Each poem, as regards its subject-matter, may conveniently be divided into three sections. The first section in each case is introductory. In *L'Allegro* the introduction (ll. 1-10) consists in an invocation to morbid Melancholy to be gone and "in dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell". In *Il Penseroso* the introduction (ll. 1-10) consists in an invocation to false Joys to depart. The second section in *L'Allegro* (ll. 11-40) describes the goddess Mirth and her attendants—"Jest and youthful Jollity", "Sweet Liberty", Sport and Laughter. The second section in *Il Penseroso* (ll. 11-60) describes Melancholy (*i.e.* Contemplation)—a "pensive Nun, devout and pure", with her attendants Peace and Quiet, "retired Leisure", and the "mute Silence". The third section of the two poems gives an account of the pleasures of the cheerful and the thoughtful man respectively.

The metre of the two poems is made to harmonize nicely with the subject-matter. The invocations to "Melancholy" and to "vain deluding Joys" form each a ten-lined stanza with the lines rhyming thus: a, b, b, a, c, d, d, e, e, c. The remaining parts of the poems are not written in stanzas: as there is no break in the succession of scenes presented to the reader, but each picture merges insensibly into the next, so the metrical arrangement is not into distinct stanzas but is a series of musical verses "of linkèd sweetness long

drawn out". The basis of the metre in both poems is iambic, but often variations are introduced with a view to the production of particular mental effects: thus, to produce the effect of vigour or vivacity, a trochee or a single emphasized syllable is frequently substituted for the first iambus of a line, as in "Héncé, loathed Melancholy", "Scátters the rear of darkness thin", "Háste thee, nymph, and bring with thee".

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### EXERCISES.—V

(1) Compare and contrast the invocations of the two poems with regard to: (a) subject-matter, (b) style, (c) metre.

(2) What parentage does Milton ascribe to: (a) the goddess Mirth, (b) the goddess Melancholy?—Point out the appropriateness of the origins ascribed in each case.

(3) Who are the companions of: (a) Mirth, (b) Melancholy?—What Figure of Speech does Milton employ largely in his descriptions here?

(4) Why does Milton imagine the day of *L'Allegro* as extending from dawn to nightfall, and that of *Il Penseroso* as beginning at sunset?

(5) Describe generally the pleasures of *L'Allegro* and those of *Il Penseroso*.

(6) Show how the moods of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are associated in the poems with the varying aspects of Nature.—Mention two other poems included in this volume in which the life of Man is associated with the life of Nature.

(7) What in *Il Penseroso* are the counterparts of the following in *L'Allegro*: (a) the lark singing at morning; (b) the poet walking "not unseen"; (c) the sun "robed in flames and amber light"; (d) "fairy Mab" and "the lubbar fiend"; (e) Jonson's and Shakespeare's comedies?

(8) Contrast the use of the Orpheus myth in the two poems.



(9) Contrast the attitude of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* towards books. What authors seem to have been favourites with Milton?

(10) Contrast the subject-matter of the lines on Music in the two poems.

(11) Contrast the metre and melody of the following passages:—

(a) Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse;  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.

(b) Hence, loathèd Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

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THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844), born in Glasgow and educated at Glasgow University; lived in or near London from 1804. Besides the *Pleasures of Hope* (1799) and *Gertrude of Wyoming* (1809), Campbell wrote many shorter poems and songs. A visit to the Continent in 1800 furnished him with the material and inspiration of *Hohenlinden*. Among the best known of his other shorter poems are: *Ye Mariners of England* (1800), *The Battle of the Baltic* (1805), *The Exile of Erin* (1800), and *The Soldier's Dream*. ¶

WILLIAM COLLINS was born in 1721 at Chichester. He was educated at Winchester and at Queen's College and Magdalen College, Oxford. His Persian eclogues were published in 1742 and his odes in 1747. He died in 1759. There is a musical quality and a fanciful penetration and sweetness of tone in his work that secures him a high place among English poets. Perhaps the most striking feature of the *Ode on the Passions* is the variety of its musical quality.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800) was educated at a private school and at Westminster. He was articled to a solicitor, 1750, made a commissioner of bankrupts, 1759, and offered a clerkship of the House of Lords by his cousin, 1763. Previous to this he had suffered from melancholia. He was now for two years in a private asylum; then he went to live with the Unwins. He was again deranged in 1773 and again in 1787. Besides a number of the *Olney Hymns* (1779), Cowper wrote *The Task* (1783), *A Translation of Homer*, and a considerable body of shorter poems. His work is marked by grace, simplicity, and sincerity, and, though generally serious, by occasional flashes of humour.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700), poet and dramatist, was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He wrote a large number of plays, of which the finest is *All for Love*. In 1668 he published his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*. He was made poet laureate in 1670, and, besides his translations of Virgil, Juvenal, and other Latin poets, produced a great body of famous poetry—much of it satirical—including *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681), *The Medal* (1682), *The Hind and the Panther* (1687). He was deprived of the laureateship 1689, and died in 1700.

JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625) was associated with Francis Beaumont in the writing of a large number of dramas. Among the best known of these are *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, and *A King and no King*. The songs which they contain form a delightful feature which is found in many other Elizabethan dramas. The poem on "The Joy of Battle" is taken from *The Mad Lover* (produced about 1618; published in 1640). Of the plays which Fletcher wrote without collaboration perhaps the best is *The Faithful Shepherdess*. Little is known of Fletcher's personal life. His father was Bishop of London, but died poor, and his son was left to shift for himself at seventeen. An anecdote told by a later writer describes him as living in lodgings with one maidservant, who on festive occasions "had her sack in a beer-glass". For some time, we are told, he and his collaborator, Beaumont, lived together. He died of the plague in 1625.

ROBERT HERRICK was born in London in 1591, and after serving an apprenticeship of ten years with his uncle, a goldsmith of the city, went to Cambridge, where he graduated in 1617. He was turned out of his Devonshire living, Dean Prior, in 1647, and settled in London. In 1662 he was restored to Dean Prior, where he died in 1674. His two books of verse, *Noble Numbers* (1647) and *Hesperides*, are differently dated, but appeared together. Herrick is one of the greatest of our lyric poets; he is a master in the choice of words and in the music of verse.

THOMAS HOOD was born in London in 1799. His early years were spent in the office of a City merchant. Later he became assistant sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, to which he continued to contribute till 1823. In 1829 he became editor of the *Gem*. In 1835 pecuniary difficulties forced him to retire to the Continent with a view to economy. On his return to London in 1840 he began to write for the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which he became editor in 1841. He began the publication of *Hood's Magazine* in 1844, and to this he contributed the best of its contents. He died in 1845. His best-known poems are *The Bridge of Sighs*, *Eugene Aram*, and *The Song of the Shirt*. Hood stands high among poets of the second order. His poems show great knowledge of human life and character, and a combination of the serious and the whimsical or comic not to be met with in any other English writer.

JOHN KEATS was born in London in 1795, and was educated at Enfield by John Clarke. On leaving school he was apprenticed to a surgeon; but he broke his indentures, preferring to continue his medical studies at Guy's Hospital, where he became a dresser in 1816. He soon gave up surgery, and with Shelley's help he published in 1817 a volume of poems, which was not, however, a financial success. He published *Endymion* in 1818, and *Lamia*, *Isabella*, and other poems in 1820. On account of his health he went to Italy in the same year, and there he died of consumption early in 1821.

JOHN MILTON, one of the greatest of English poets, was born in London in 1608, and educated at St. Paul's School and Christ's College, Cambridge. For some years after leaving the university he lived with his father at Horton, where, besides studying classics, he wrote *Arcades*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. From 1637-39 he travelled abroad, chiefly in Italy. In politics he was an ardent supporter of the Parliamentary party, and in religion he became a convinced Independent. On the outbreak of the Civil War he threw himself into the conflict, defending with

his pen the action of the Parliament and Cromwell. His prose works are therefore chiefly of a polemical kind. His application and labours caused the loss of his sight. After the Restoration he produced some of his greatest work, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*. He died in 1674, and was buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Aungier Street, Dublin, in 1779, and died near Devizes, in Wiltshire, in 1852. In 1807 he began to publish his *Irish Melodies*, a series of adaptations to the national airs of Ireland. The publication extended over a number of years, and was completed in 1834. In 1817 was given to the world the poetical romance of *Lallah Rookh*, remarkable for its descriptions of Eastern life, manners, and scenery. Moore wrote also a *Life of Sheridan*, a *Life of Lord Byron*, the *Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, and a *History of Ireland*. It is, however, on the *Irish Melodies* that his literary reputation with posterity will mainly depend.

THOMAS NASH was born in 1567, the son of a minister at Lowestoft, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He is usually classed with the group of "University wits" who founded the English drama; but he wrote only two plays, one of which was partly written by Marlowe, while the other was written largely in prose. He was the author of a large number of pamphlets, and also of a novel, *Jack Wilton, or the Unfortunate Traveller*. His prose is intermingled with verse, the exquisite lyric quality of which is well illustrated in the *Song of Spring*. He died in 1601.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616), England's and the world's greatest dramatist and poet, was born at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire. He was married in 1582, and went to London in 1585. He became a member of the Earl of Leicester's Company of Actors, with which he acted at the Rose, the Curtain, the Globe, and afterwards at the Blackfriars Theatre. The first of his plays, *Love's Labour's Lost*, is supposed to have been written about 1591. During the next twenty years he produced the thirty-seven plays

ascribed to him. It is usual now to group these as Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, Romances. Of the Comedies, *Midsummer-Night's Dream* (1593), *Merchant of Venice* (1596), *Much Ado About Nothing* (1598), *As You Like It* (1599), *Twelfth Night* (1600), and *All's Well that Ends Well* (1602) are those still most frequently acted. Of the Histories, *Richard III* (1593), *Richard II* (1594), *King John* (1595), *Henry V* (1599), *Henry VIII* (1612), and the Roman plays, *Julius Cæsar* (1601), *Antony and Cleopatra* (1607), and *Coriolanus* (1608) are still very frequently staged. Of the Tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet* (1597; in copyright entries 1607), *Hamlet* (1602), *Othello* (1604), *King Lear* (1605), and *Macbeth* (1606) are among the grandest things in literature. Of the Romances, *Cymbeline* (1609), *The Tempest* (1610), and *The Winter's Tale* (1611) are frequently represented. Besides his plays, Shakespeare wrote the *Venus and Adonis* (published 1594), *Lucrece* (published 1594), and *Sonnets* (published 1609). Shakespeare spent the latter part of his life in retirement in his native town, Stratford-on-Avon, and there he died on the 23rd of April, 1616.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol in August, 1774, and was educated at Westminster and Balliol. He lived for the last forty years of his life at Greta Hall, near Keswick, where he died in 1843. He was a most prolific writer both of verse and of prose. Among his longer poems are: *Joan of Arc*, *Thalaba the Destroyer*, *Madoc*, *The Curse of Kehama*, and *Roderick the Goth*. His poetical fame, however, is likely to rest rather on his shorter pieces, such as *The Battle of Blenheim*, *The Well of St. Keyne*, *The Inchcape Rock*, *The Holly Tree*, and *My days among the dead are passed*. The well-known *Life of Nelson* is his masterpiece in prose.

EDMUND SPENSER (?1552-99) was born in London, and educated at the Merchant Taylors' School and at Cambridge. In 1579 he went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton. Having received a grant of land at Kilcolman, he settled there, but his house was sacked by the Munster rebels in 1598, and he returned in great distress to London.

Besides his celebrated poem *The Facrie Queene*, his best-known works are *The Shepheards Calendar* (1580), *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (1585), and the *Epithalamion*. He died in January, 1598-9, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (?1609-42) belongs to the group of "Cavalier Poets". Having inherited a fortune at an early age, he squandered it in travel, in court frivolities, and in equipping a troop of horse for the service of the king. During the sitting of the Long Parliament he had to flee to the Continent, and he is said to have poisoned himself at Paris in 1642. As a writer he is best known for his charming lyrics. His *Ballad on a Wedding* is a masterpiece of its kind.

JAMES THOMSON was born in 1700 at Ednam, in Roxburghshire. His father was minister of the parish, and was afterwards transferred to a village on the Scottish slopes of the Cheviots. Here the poet had abundant opportunity for observing the sterner aspects of nature, which are described in his poetry with excellent effect. He was educated at a school in Jedburgh and at the University of Edinburgh. In 1725 he went to London to seek his fortune. Through the assistance of some influential patrons he obtained a number of appointments and pensions which enabled him to spend the latter part of his life in retirement near Richmond. He died in 1748. His chief poems are *The Seasons* and *The Castle of Indolence*. Referring to Thomson's power of natural description, Professor Saintsbury says that "his glory and his salvation lay in the fact that he was born with, and had cultivated, the gift of looking straight at nature, and of reporting the result of his observation in words. He never lost this gift. He saw the view from Richmond Hill, and the lazy luxuriance of the Thames valley, just as inevitably and unmistakingly as he had seen the snowstorms of the Carter and the spates of the Jed."

# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AUTHORS

## WITH DATES

CAMPBELL, THOMAS (1777-1844)	. see pages 19, 110
COLLINS, WILLIAM (1721-1759)	. „ 60, 110
COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800)	. „ 42, 110
DRYDEN, JOHN (1631-1700)	. „ 53, 58, 111
FLETCHER, JOHN (1579-1625)	. „ 20, 111
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KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821)	. „ 38, 112
MILTON, JOHN (1608-1674)	. „ 95, 100, 112
MOORE, THOMAS (1779-1852)	. „ 37, 113
NASH, THOMAS (1567-1601)	. „ 31, 113
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616)	„ 31, 42, 113
SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843)	. „ 21, 114
SPENSER, EDMUND (1552?-1599)	. „ 73, 114
SUCKLING, SIR JOHN (1609?-1642)	„ 84, 115
THOMSON, JAMES (1700-1748)	. „ 35, 115



## APPENDIX

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### A STUDY IN LITERARY COMPARISON

1. HOHENLINDEN (Campbell), p. 19, *sup.*
2. THE JOY OF BATTLE (John Fletcher), p. 20, *sup.*

#### I.—SUBJECT-MATTER AND TONE

##### *Hohenlinden*

1. The poem refers to a historic event, the battle of Hohenlinden, which was fought between the French and the Austrians, in the year 1800.

2. The poet indicates the actual time, place, and circumstances of the battle. The scene of the conflict was "on Linden" (l. 1), near the Iser (l. 4); and the combatants were the "furious Frank and fiery Hun" (l. 23). The battle was fought in wintry weather (l. 2): it began about midnight (l. 6), and continued till morning (l. 21). The lapse of time during the battle is suggested in the succession of such phrases as "when the sun was low" (l. 1), "at dead of night" (l. 6), "But redder yet that light shall glow" (l. 17), "'Tis morn" (l. 21), "The combat deepens" (l. 25).

##### *The Joy of Battle*

1. The poem describes an imaginary battle, supposed to be fought before the use of gunpowder in war. The weapons employed by the combatants are "Bows, bills, glaives, arrows, shields, and spears" (l. 4). The darkening of the sky by the flight of arrows (ll. 10, 11) may be contrasted with the flash of the "red artillery" in Campbell's poem (l. 16).

2. No details of time or place are given. We may infer, however, that the poet imagines the battle as being fought in the daytime: the light of the sun is obscured by the clouds of flying arrows (ll. 10, 11). Some of the imaginary combatants are named individually—the valiant Memnon (l. 19), Eumenes (l. 21), brave Polybius (l. 22), Diocles (l. 28). The lapse of time during the battle is suggested simply by the narration of the successive incidents in the order of their occurrence.

3. The predominating feeling which underlies the poem is a sense of the bloodshed and horror involved in war. The dreadful and lurid accompaniments of the battle are suggested—the glow of the torches (l. 9), the flash of artillery (l. 16), the dense clouds of smoke (l. 22), the call of drum and trumpet (ll. 6, 9), the crash of cannon (l. 15), the onset of steeds (l. 14). The keynote of the poem is sounded in the first two stanzas: at evening, “All bloodless lay the untrodden snow” (l. 2); “But Linden saw another sight, When the drum beat at dead of night” (ll. 5, 6). The fires that flash out are “fires of death” (l. 7); the lights and the noise and the movement are suggestive of “dreadful revelry” (l. 12); the Iser flows with blood (l. 19); the snow on the hills is stained with red (l. 18), and soon shall be the winding-sheet of many a brave soldier (l. 30).

4. Throughout the poem there thus runs an undertone of reflection and pathos.

3. The predominating feeling in this poem is essentially different. The poet here does not see the battle as a kind of dreadful dream, but as a scene of brave spectacle and quick and gallant action. The horsemen gallop swiftly across the meadows (l. 6), and the vanguard of the foe marches bravely to the dub-dub of the drum (l. 7). The battle begins, and the joy of combat surges through the verses. The hills resound to the tara-tara of the trumpet (l. 13), the horses charge (l. 15), the battle sways to and fro (l. 16), the valiant Memnon decides the doubtful issue (l. 20), the enemy flee (l. 21), and the victors follow with triumphant shouts (l. 26).

4. The poem gives spontaneous and free expression to this spirit of joy in battle, and is marked by no undertone of reflection or sadness.

## II.—STRUCTURE

### *Hohenlinden*

1. The poem is the expression essentially of one feeling; and its structure is appropriately marked by a corresponding unity and simplicity.

2. From the standpoint of the incidents related, the development of the subject-matter might be represented artificially in the following divisions: (a) Evening and midnight; the call

### *The Joy of Battle*

1. The structure of this poem, like that of *Hohenlinden*, is quite simple, and harmonizes with the simplicity of its main theme and tone.

2. From the standpoint of the incidents related, the development of the subject-matter might be represented artificially in the following divisions: (a) The appearance of the enemy

to battle (stanzas 1, 2, and 3);  
(b) From midnight to morn;  
the battle (stanzas 4 to 7);  
(c) Conclusion (stanza 8).

(stanza 1); (b) The battle; the  
cloud of arrows (stanza 2); (c)  
The charge of the cavalry and  
the final rout of the enemy (stanza  
3); (d) Conclusion (stanza 4).

### III—STYLE

#### *Hohenlinden*

1. The poem is incisive and vigorous in style. The quick rush of the battle is well suggested by the three successive rhymes in each stanza, and by the use of a three-syllabled word at the end of every fourth line. The poem is written in regular stanzas, each containing four iambic tetrameter lines. The recurrence of the same vowel sound at the end of every stanza emphasizes the impression of unity which the poem conveys.

2. In harmony with the more regular metre and the undertone of reflection that mark the poem, we find that the formal figures of Balance and Antithesis frequently underlie the connection of the sentences.

3. There are few examples of Exclamation, Apostrophe, or Repetition: *cf.* however, "On, ye brave, Who rush to glory, or the grave!" (ll. 25, 26); "Few, few, shall part where many meet" (l. 29).

4. The diction of the poem is simple; most of the words employed are monosyllabic and of Teutonic origin.

#### *The Joy of Battle*

1. The most prominent feature in the style of the poem is its extraordinary animation. The irregularity of the metre assists in producing this effect. The stanzas, and the lines within the stanzas, are of varying length. The predominating foot is the iambus, and it occurs in pentameter, trimeter, and dimeter lines. The first syllable of many lines (*e.g.* 1, 2, 4, 12, 13, 19, &c.) is accented, and the strong accent in this position arrests the attention of the reader strongly. The two anapæstic lines (23 and 24) suggest a sense of headlong haste.

2. In general, the sentences are not balanced or set over against one another: the poem consists of a succession of quick, short, distinct, utterances.

3. The poem is remarkable for the frequent use of Exclamation, Apostrophe, and Repetition: these figures add greatly to the effect of animation. *Cf.* ll. 1, 2, 3, &c. &c.

4. The diction of the poem is simple; most of the words employed are monosyllabic and of Teutonic origin; we may note, however, the use of classical proper names—Memnon, Eumenes, Polybius, Diocles.

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